Death and Dan Maloney.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY SEUMAS MacMANUS.

(Copyright, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.)

both the River Eske and Lough Eske, and on every one of those three days I had seen that great white salmon, and the sporting blood in me tingled to the fingertips each time I saw him; and I used all my arts, all my cunning, all my renowned prowess as a fisherman (and that, though say it, is not small) to coax and capture that fellow-but without the slightest avail. My sleep o' nights was disturbed, and I went after him upon new plans in my dreams, and caught him, I think, three or four times; but he always managed to break away again, generally carrying off half of my best prized rod; but one time I remember him carrying off the whole rod, and myself at the end of it; and it was only as I was dashed over dreadful falls that I awoke, with an aching head.

On the fourth day I did not get a glimpse of him at all. I carried home a rather bet-ter take than my usual good take-and Michael Slaivin complimented me highly (Michael was my landlord for the week I spent on the Eske) on my skill and good

"Skill I once believed I had, Michael, but I believe so no longer; good fortune and I haven't even a nodding acquaintance." "What do ye mane?" said Michael.

I told Michael of the splendid opportunities Providence and the big white salmon had been recklessly casting in my way-



He Suddenly Looked Up.

and of the assinine manner in which I had and of the assinine manner in which I had utterly failed to benefit by them.
"Oho!" said Michael. "So you have been thryin' your hand upon Dan Maloney, too."
"On Dan Maloney?"
"Ay, on Dan. Didn't any wan tell ye

that was Dan Maloney ye wor wastin' yet time tryin' to catch?" I shook my head, for I did not understand Michael.

"That big white salmon," said Michael, "is Dan Maloney, and as well might ye be tryin' to turn the tide with a pitchfork as endeavorin' to hook Dan." Why have you christened him Dan Ma-Bekase that's what the priest christen-

"Does the priest christen all the salmon?" "Oh, and this particular salmen is a Christian?"

"A Christian; yes."

"Enlighten me, please, friend Michael."
Michael laid down his spade, seated himself comfortably on the ridge, made me sit down beside him, refused with a suggestive headshake my proffered cigar, lighted his own dusky smoke machine, and spake: "Wanst there lived close by the town of "Wanst there lived close by the town of Donegal a poor tinker, named Dan Maloney, who owned a small wee hut scarce bigger nor a match box, and a piece of garden ye might cover with yer handker-chief. But he was an honest, good-hearted man, was Dan, even if he was fond of a bit of a way by these and was fond of a bit. of a spree by times and had a head as full of thricks as an egg's full of mait. And when wan day there come intil Dan a wee oul' man with a small little skillet which he wanted some little 'mendment put on, Dan mended it for the poor man, but wouldn't hear tell of chargin' him, bekase the man looked poor.

"That's very kind entirely of ye," says the little man, "but as I couldn't think of takin' your man.

of takin' your work for nothin', I'll grant ye." says he, "any two requists ye like to make." "So I an at wanst seen that the little

man belonged to the Good People, and he made his requists as he was desired. "There's a budget," says Dan, says he, "and I'm always losin' things out of it. I make requist that anything that great into requist that anything that goes into it cannot come out without me takin' it

"That requist's granted," says the little 'Well," says Dan, "I have wan little apple tree out in my garden, an' I get no good about Donegal and they rob that tree every year, afore the apples have got laive to ripen. I would make requist that any wan "Alw"

For three days now I had been fishing | looked up from his work, and he sees an awful lookin' skeleton bein' standin' over

"Hilloa!" says Dan, says he, "who are you, good man? or what are ye? or what's

"What is it?" says Death. "It's this," says Death.
"It's this," says Dan. "We'll be meetin'
many of my neighbors as we go along, and
many people that knows me, and—I don't
mean any manner of disrespect to you, but
you know your looks aren't just the handsomest, an' I'd sooner ye weren't seen in
my company." my company."
"Well, what can I do?" says Death. "If
I part with you I might have throuble

catchin' ye again, for ye're very thricky,
Dan Maloney, as all the wurrl' knows."
"I don't ax ye to part with me," says
Dan. "I only ax ye to transform yerself
into very small and very light bulk, and
go into my budget, and remain there as we "I'll do anything to oblige ye, Dan," says

Death.
So he thereupon thransformed himself

So he thereupon thransformed himself into very small bulk, and very light weight, and went into Dan's budget.

"I wish ye luck, me lad," says Dan, "when ye get out of there.

"The first lodgin' house Dan come till he put up at, and hung the budget by his bedside till mornin'. Next mornin' he started off again, and didn't thravel far till he comes to where three men were quarryin' stones. Dan went into the quarry to them, and layin' down the budget on a rock axed the men to come and bring their sledges an' reedge the budget for him.

"Bekase why?" says the men. "Bekase I have got the divil in it," says "And when the three lads l'arnt the divil was in the budget they lost little time, but wouldn't accept nothin' from, but always were lammerin' at it tooth and nail, with all their might and the weightiest sledges they possessed.

The poor Dan never charged, or wouldn't accept nothin' from, but always give to them his sarvices free. Princes and praylits, councillors and kings from all arts and parts called for Dan Maloney

they possessed.

'Every sillendher 'ney come down on the budget poor Death kicked and screamed for all he was worth inside. And this made the men by on their blows thicker in laster and larder every time.

"Death bounced and danced inside, and yelled and roared, and cried out to them and to Dan to show marcy. But Dan allowed them to whack away and sledge away, he standin' by enjoyin' the thing with all his might, till the sweat rolled off them in dhrops as big as pigeon's eggs, and

them in dhreps as big as pigeon's eggs, and the arms of them was gettin tired and "Then Dan made tarms with Death, that if Death would let him off for a year and a day longer he'd let him out of the budget.
This Death agreed to and Dan let him out,
and he went off limpin' and rubbin' his

"Dan, he went back home and wrought



for a year and a day longer, and lived as happy all that time as ever he had done in his life afore. And again, on a night that Dan was seated upon the floor, mendin' or makin' some article, he suddenly looked up, and saw Death standin' over him.

"Hilloa!" says Dan. "It's welcome ye are."

are."
"I hope so," says Death. "Are ye ready o come along with me?"
"Always ready," says Dan, says he,



TILL DAN CAME AND MALAVOGUED THEM.

lays a hand on an apple on that tree will be in the held there till I give him leave to go." iffey." held there till I give him leave to go."
"That requist is granted, likewise," says the little mar. And then he took his skil-

let with him and disappeared.

"After that Dan had a less troubleder mind than what he used to have—bekase mind than what he used to have—bekase there was never a day passed afore that that he wasn't frettin' and fumin, either about the loss of some article out of his budget, or else about the robbin' of his apple three by the Donegal segmes But are

so, when Dan had tidled and thrigged up things, and slung his budget on his back, himself and Death started out wanst more.

"I have just bare one requist to ax of ye," says Dan, when they got outside the

mind than what he used to have—bekase there was never a day passed afore that that he wasn't frettin' and fumin, either about the loss of some article out of his budget, or else about the robbin' of his apple three by the Donegal scamps. But now, after half a dozen of these vagabones had come to Dan's little garden, morodin', and got stuck to the apple tree and held there till Dan came out and malavogued them, afore releasin' them, they soon l'arnt to let his apple tree and little garden alone; and he never lost anything more out of his budget, moreover. So me brave Dan wrought hard, and was happy.

"But wan night when Dan was as usual sittin' on his own floor bottomin' a tin can, or some job or another such, he suddintly

take a coolin', and accordin'ly left him hangin' to the apple tree all night. And in the mornin' he relaised him only on two conditions. One was that Death wouldn't be in a hurry comin' for him again, but would let him live a natural tarm; an' the other that it would give him to know the saicret of whether a sick person was goin' to die or get well. Death was only too glad to grant Dan Maloney these conditions. He agreed to let Dan now live his natural tarm; and he told him, moreover, how to know whether a sick person was goin' to get well or not. "When you," says Death to Dan, "go into the room of a sick person I give to you the power of seein' me, and you're to look to see whether I stand by the sick man's head or his feet. If I'm standin' by his feet, that manes he'll get well, but if I'm standin' by his head all the docthors in Europe won't cure that man. He's

if I'm standin' by his head all the docthors in Europe won't cure that man. He's booked for me." Then Dan relaised him, and poor Death hobbled off as best he could after his night's airin'.
"And now Dan Maloney pitched his budget to the dickens, cursed tinkerin' and quit it, and announced himself as a doctor fit to cure all things curable. And short time he was at the doctorin' afore his name and his fame as a wondherful great doctor spread entirely far and wide, not alone over Ireland, Engiand and Scotland. alone over Ireland, England and Scotland, but the whole continent of Europe. Be-kase, whenever Dan Maloney was called you, good man? or what are ye? or what's yer arrand with me?"
"I'm Death," says the skeleton bein', "and my arrand with you is to tell ye that yer time has come to go with me."
"Phew!" says Dan, says he, with a bit of a whistle. "Is that the way of it?"
"That's the way of it," says Death says he. "Are ye ready to come along?"
"I am," says Dan, "if ye only wait till I put me things into the budget. I might need it."

alone over Ireland, England and Scotland, but the whole continent of Europe. Bekase, whenever Dan Maloney was called in to see a sick man, he at wanst pronounced on him whether he could cure him," that man was sartin to be cured; and if Dan said, "No man can cure him," that man was sartin to die. Wan single prediction of Dan's was never known to fail. So it was little wonder his practice grew great and fast. He never made a fail. So it was little wonder his practice grew great and fast. He never made a smaller charge than five guineas to the rich for bein' called in only wanst, so afore no time Dan didn't know his own



Into a Lovely White Salmon.

when they tuk bad, and Dan was conwhen they tuk bad, and Dan was conveyed in state with mounted and armed guards of honor ridin' afore him and behind him, through many's a country of Europe. And at last he come to be considered as almost, if not altogether, the greatest man in all Europe and the Wurrul' put together. rul' put together. greatest man in all Europe and the wur-

"He built a castle with a window in it for every day of the year, and he lived in all the grandeur and state of a prince, him that used to be but a poor sthrugg!in tinker who when he got his breakwust didn't know whether he'd earn his dinner or no-and he entertained at his castle all the greatest and grandest company of the

and no mistake; and a mighty sweat it put him intil. But Dan's cute eleverness come till his assistance. "I want," says Dan, says he, till his wife. "two good stout men to be brought intil the room." And when they were brought in Dan ordered them to lift him and turn him with his head to lift him and turn him with his head to the other end of the bed. And when they did this Dan had Death at his feet. And Death shuk his fist at him in a mighty rage and went away.
"It was no time, then, till Dan was well,

rage and went away.

"It was no time, then, till Dan was well, and on his feet again. And behold ye, no sick man that Dan was called in to see now died, at all at all. Bekase, if Dan ever found Death at their heads he'd have them turned the other way in their beds. So it soon got that no wan died at all within a great radius of Dan Maloney; and Death was in a thunderin' rage, as you may well believe. To be revenged upon Dan, he at last got Ould Age and Disease to attack him; and great havoc they wrought upon Dan and Dan's temper. And Dan was so harassed be these that, wan day, when he met Death be these that, wan day, when he met Death he proposed to Death that they should come to tarms. He agreed to give up curin' them Death had marked; only Death was to spare himself—but, as Ould Age was now upon Dan, and life was gettin' wearlsome to him he proposed that held wearlsome to him, he proposed that he'd like to change his way of livin' altogether, and if Death would only consent to turn him intil a salmon in the Eske river, and let him live swimmin' about and up and let him live swimmin' about, and up and down, and leapin' and playin' till the day of judgment, Dan would be well satisfied, and would never give Death no trouble

more.
"To this Death consented, and turned levely white salmon, in the Dan into a lovely white salmon, in the River Eske, and there he has been swimmin' and meandherin' about ever since. there's never a fisherman ever fished that river that hasn't set his heart upon hookin' that salmon, and the greatest and the lit-tlest of them all thried it, but never suc-ceeded, and never will. ceeded—and never will.
"And you needn't think ye'll catch Dan Maloney."

And I dld not. I cursed him. however.

IN THE CHURCHES

Much interest is felt among Episcopalians here in the coming annual convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which meets October 19 at Columbus, Ohio. The first session will be held in the afternoon of that day in the hall of the board of trade. After the reception of the annual reports of the council there will be a con-

The program provides for devotional exercises at the evening meeting, to be con- frequently, however, he will imagine that ducted by Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd of Norfolk, Va. The corporate communion will be celebrated at 7 a.m. on the second day in Trinity Church, and at 10 o'clock a business meeting will be held. The same evening a public meeting will be held, at evening a public meeting will be held, at which the subject of discussion will be "The Church for Men." The principal speak-ers will, it is expected, be President Hough-teling. Mr. W. C. Sturgis of New Haven

teing. Mr. W. C. Sturgis of New Haven and Rev. Frank Du Moulin of Chicago.
Early Saturday there will be three celebrations, in Trinity, the Good Shepherd and St. Paul's, respectively. These will be followed by a discussion on "The Chapter in the Small Town." The last business session will take place Saturday afternoon, during which "The Future" will be the theme of discussion. The anniversary sermon will be delivered

The anniversary sermon will be delivered Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. At 3 p.m. the brotherhood will hold a public meeting in the Board of Trade Hall on "The Social Mission of the Church, to Present Christ in Practical Life as the Living Master and King, the Enemy of Money and Selfishness, the Power of Righteousness and Love."

At the "missions" meeting, the same evening, Rev. Dr. Addison Ingle of the Chinese mission will speak and some account of the work in the Philippines will be given by Mr. John Howe Peyton, who will have returned by that time from his visit there in the brotherhood's behalf.

Among the many prominent churchmen who are expected to be present during the convention are Bishop Satterlee of Washington, Bishop Paret of Maryland, Bishop Randolph of Virginia, and the bishop coadjutor of southern Ohio, Rev. Dr. Boyd Vincent.

Rev. E. E. Maynadier, formerly chaplain

of Providence Hospital, Washington, has been appointed assistant priest at St. Andrew's Church, Baltimore, and will enter upon his duties there he ist of October. Father Maynadier was born in this city, and is forty-five years old. He studied for the priesthood at-St. Mary's Seminary and was ordained by the late Bishop Becker, then of Wilmingten, Del., who was at the time of his deathroishop of Savannah, Ga. Mr. Maynadier was the first resident pastor of St. Ann's Church, Tenleytown, where he remained four years. In 1884 he where he remained four years. In 1884 he was stationed at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Baltimore, which he left to come to St. Paul's, this city. Early in 1888 he was appointed by Cardinal Gibbons pastor of St. Ignatius' Church, Oxon Hill, Md., a few miles from Washington, and at the a few miles from Washington, and at the same time he accepted the post of chap-lain at Providence Hospital, Washington. For the past three months Father May-nadier has been stationed at one of the hospitals in Baltimore while the regular chaplain was in temporary charge of a church about fifteen miles from Baltimore city.

Rev. J. S. Hutchinson, who is well known by the members of the M. E. Church South of this city, and who for the past two years has been pastor of the Southern Methodist Church at Arlington, Md., has been appointed presiding elder of the Lewisburg, W. Va., district, to succeed Rev. J. D. Martin, who died about two weeks ago. As stated, Mr. Hutchinson has been pastor of the Arlington church for about two years. He will leave for his new field of work about October 10. The appointment was made by Bishop Candler of Georgia, and it is stated was in accordance with the request of Mr. Martin, who, shortly before his death, wrote to the bishop and asked that Mr. Hutchinson be made his successor in case he died. Rev. James S. Gardner, now of Paris, Va., also well known in Washington will succeed. weil known in Washington, will succeed Mr. Hutchinson at Arlington.

Rev. L. A. Thirlkeld, one of the best known, in this city, of the ministers composing the Baltimore M. E. conference, has been appointed pastor of Garrett Park M. E. Church during the illness of the regular pastor, Rev. C. O. Cook. In addition to his other duties, Mr. Thirlkeld will continue as editor of the Methodist, the official organ of the conference. organ of the conference.

From a letter received in this city from J. M. Thoburn, missionary bishop for India and Malaysia, the following extracts are

and Malaysia, the following extracts are taken:

'The fact is too generally overlooked that the people of the Philippines, taken as a whole, have not been living in peace, and that the Spaniards have never succeeded in reducing all the hostile tribes to subjection. In the southern islands a state of things has long prevailed similar to the former situation on the Maiay peninsula, in most parts of Borneo and in other regions belonging to the Malaysian group. Throughout these vast regions the population is very sparse, owing to the warlike habits of the people, and in the wilder regions to the practice of 'head hunting' which prevails among the natives. If we take into account all the sections of the eighty or more different tribes or races found throughout the islands, it will readly be seen that something like a chronic war of extermination has been going on for many centuries past, and even in the islands where Spanish rule has been recognized for 300 years, the reign of peace has by no means been universal or uninterrupted. As an illustration of this it may be meanioned that in one outbreak more than 160000. an illustration of this it may be meationed that in one outbreak more than 100 000 Chinamen were cruelly exterminated.

"The object lesson which India affords is

one which America and, indeed, the whole one which America and, indeed, the whole world, should carefully study at the present time. Throughout a vast region as large as Europe, east of Russia, wars and rumors of wars had prevailed among hostile nations and tribes for ages. Indeed, it is probable that war had not wholly ceased for a thousand years, although at times the scourge had been less severe than at other periods. "At last a few English traders appeared

"At last a lew English traders appeared upon the scene and laid the foundations of a great empire, which, in time, brought a reign of universal peace. As has been often pointed out, England never conquered India, but, rather, an extraordinary succession of enterprising English traders built up a great empire in southern Asia, by utilizing the resources both of men and material found in the country, brought order out of political chaos, and so completely put out of political chaos, and so completely put an end to internal war and disorder that India has become one of the most peacea-ble and orderly regions on the globe. Wars "For many years this kind of thing went on, Dan getting richer every day, and lavisher, and more generous to the poor—for he never forgot he was poor wanst himself, and so never neglected the poor around him now, but in purtickler poor tinkers. For many years, then, this sort of successful and grand life went on: but wan day, at long and at last, what would ye have of it, but Dan Maloney fell sick himself with a faiver. And after he was sick nine days he opened his eyes on the ninth mornin' and seen Death standin' over him at the head of his bed!

An end to internal war and disorder that India has become one of the most peaceable wars and old king in the ceau of ingine. An' th' can a failin' out there on our thrack!"

Another queen told her husband of two travelers thus: "Th' Michigan Shlim an' they cut their montegolians on th 'wather tank. I tould 'em ye wanted min, but th' Montreal Sharty said he wer goin' a mouching parties, are unknown. Erimes of violence, if not wholly repressed, are very rare, when the immense population and the low state of civilization among the people are considered. An excellent code of criminal law had been provided, and is impartially enhad been provided. forced. In short, a great impire has come into existence, and inbroken peace prevails throughout one of the fertile regions of the earth and among one-fifth of the human

"What has been done on a large scale in India can be done, and should be done, on a small scale in the Philippines. The American people have not sought the task, but it has been thrust upon them. The circumstances of the case in every particular have been of the most extraordinary character. The present war is deplorable from every point of view, and yet the more we study the situation the more does the conviction force itself upon every candid observer. force itself upon every candid observer that in the nature of the case an ultimate comsion between the Americans and the men lead by Aguinaldo was inevitable.

"In the end it will probably become clearly apparent that the question of supreme authority was one which, in the nature of the case, must have been settled for all time before a secure basis could established for the pacification of the whole island population, and the laying of foundations upon which a secure and satisfactory government could finally be established. In all oriental lands this question of authority is one of supreme importance."

The regular weekly meeting of the West End W. C. T. U. was held Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Judge A. S. Tay or. The newly elected officers for the coming year were all present. Mrs. Catching, the president, opened the meeting with appropriate remarks upon the outlook for oming year. Mrs. Irwin led in singing "To be Work." Miss Bessie Taylor read a selection from the Scriptures and Mrs. Clinton Smith led in prayer.

The reception of reports was followed by

an hour of reminiscences and experiences. Superintendents for the year were appointed and delegates to the annual meeting, to be held October 5 and 6 in the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, were elected, as follows: At 'arge, Mrs. Bellinger; Mrs. Wescott, alternate. Delegatez—Mrs. George, Mrs. Fernandez, Mrs. Mofflit, Mrs. Ashley. Alternates—Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. McGlue, Mrs. Hilton ,Mrs. Elker.

The Habit of Wearing Spectacles. From the New Orleans Times Democrat.

"It is a singular and grotesque fact," said an eye specialist of this city, "that a great many uneducated people get into the spectacle habit without any need whatever for wearing glasses. Take, for instance, a man whose eyes become a little inflamed from exposure to the sun or some other cause. His sight is all right, and what he ready needs is a soothing lotion of some sort to allay the irritation of the membrane. Very he requires a pair of spectacles, and will buy them at the cheapest place he can find, without the slightest regard to the suitability of the lenses. In nine cases out of ten it is almost impossible for him to see through the things, but he will wear them as much as he can, believing that his eyes are being benefited. Such instances are astonishingly common among the poorer classes, and the peddiers who go through the country districts always corn, seem the country districts always carry several dozen cheap 'specs' in their packs. They find a ready sale. I have had several country people come to me for treatment who were wearing glasses that contained only one lens. They would explain that they took the other one out so they could see to get around. When they were fitted with proper lenses they were very much sur-prised to find they could see better through them than with their natural eyes. The wearing of spectacles in some remote rural districts amounts to almost a superstition when people arrive at a certain age they be-lieve they ought to put them on, regardless of their actual vision.

There Was.

Friend-"There ought to have been money in that invention."

The Mechanic—"Oh, yes! Half a dozen patent lawyers got rich on it!"

"Do you sleep well here?" asked a summer cottager at Bar Harbor of a newly imported domestic, whom she was anxious to keep until the end of the season.
"Sure, I don't, ma'am," was the reply, "because the snorin' of the ocean kapes me awake all night."—Harper's Barar.

LIFE ON THE ROAD

Some of the Queer Experiences of a Wandering Worker.

It would fill your heart with sadness, As you walked along the tracks, To see the burn a-coming. Their blankets on their backs.

They said the work was heavy
And the grub they couldn't go,
Set out on railroad tables,
Away cut in Idaho.
—R. R. Song, The Oregon Short Line.

If you see a man in the Rocky mountain or Pacific coast states carrying a bundle of blankets you may conclude that his hands are calloused. Those who hire foot-loose laborers in these states furnish them with a place to sleep if the conditions are such that men will not sleep in the open. The laborer furnishes his own bed-

Tramps call such laborers blanket stiffs and gay cats. Blanket stiffs call themselves such sometimes. They also call themselves hoboes. They call tramps professional hoboes, bums, stiffs and thorough-

A blanket stiff may follow one kind of work only. In that case he travels to locations where he thinks he can do best; or ne may hunt a climate to suit his clothes, in which case he is probably less particular about the kind of work he does. Wandering Workers.

Some men go to the Dakotas for harvest and winter in Oregon and Washington.

Many enter Colorado every summer from the south. More than are welcome go into southern California and Texas every winter. Some seek a cool summer and go only a few hundred miles to a comparatively cool climate. A few save enough in summer to keep them in a city for the winter. Others, perhaps most, simply go from one job to another, blowing in and going belly up between jobs. A few, though, instead of going belly up, start up to look for work while they have a Colorado stake left. A Colorado stake is \$5 and a bottle of whisky or six bits and a plug of tobacco.

The most ubiquitous blanket stiff is the

railroad section hand. He is about the poorest-paid laborer in the west, too. He is always ready to bundle up his blankets and hit the road a welt, as most blanket stiffs are. Section men are called snipes, Jerries, tarriers and chaws. The section foreman is called a king snipe. Having full control of a crew of from one to twelve or more men, he is the butt of many jokes. His sieep is supposed to be filed with visions of switches and fregs, broken rails, low joints and wrecked hand cars. Such sayings as the following are attributed to

The "King" and "Queen." "I'm a king and I never wore a crown."

"Take the hand cyar off th' thrack. Now put her on again. I'll show yez who's boss here.'

A king who had two men working for him fired one of them. Turning to the rest of the force he said: "I've got some more of yez spotthed."

yez spotthed."

An old queen is reported to have said to an old king in the dead of night: "Listen to thim min, a slapin' and snorin'. An' th' rain a fallin' out there on our thrack!"

I happened to catch. I knew of one case where a man was discharged because he refuses to buck snow more than three days and three nights without sleep. It is not fear of discharge that keeps men at work. I think it is the inherited habit of labor, and each man's wish to show that he is as tough as the others. Poorly paid as they are, section men do lots of work when handled properly. But they are ready to quit I happened to catch. I knew of one case where a man was discharged because he refuses to buck snow more than three days and three nights without sleep. It is not fear of discharge that keeps men at work. I think it is the inherited habit of labor, and each man's wish to show that he is as tough as the others. Poorly paid as they are, section men do lots of work when handled properly. But they are ready to quit at the slightest provocation.

BLANKET STIFFS AND THEIR WAYS

BLANKET STIFFS AND THEIR WAYS

They are Foregathered From the

Four Corners of the Earth.

ART OF STEALING RIDES

Written for The Evening Star.

It would fill your heart with sadness, As you walked along the tracks, To see the burns a-coming.

Their blankets on their backs.

The stiff sand the slightest provocation.

One chilly morning we were carrying stones to turn the water away from a track it was running under. We were rather careful. A road master yelled, "Throw 'em in there, Don't be afraid of hurting 'em." A Swede turned in close to him and dropped a flat-sided rock with awkward carefulness. The snow caught the road master between the collar of his rubber coat and his ear. Otto walked away with a wooden look on his face, but his eyes bubbled slightly. He said afterward: "He looked at me like —, but he didn't say a — word."

Where there is danger from falling rocks and slides night track walkers are kept on duty. This is a dreary job, especially in these frosty altitudes, where the track often runs for miles through narrow canyons beside a roaring river. Night track walkers are not always entirely sane.

An Irishmen said once when we were discussing our place in society, that the section was a good place for a man with a track was a good place for a man with a track was running under. We were carrying stones to turn the water away from a track it was running under. We were rather careful. A road master yelled, "Throw 'em in there, Don't be afraid of hurting 'em." A Swede turned in close to him and dropped a flat-sided rock with awkward carefulness. The snow caught the road master between the collar of his rubber coat and his ear. Otto walked away with a wooden look on his face, but his eyes bubbled slightly. He said afterward: "He looked at me like —, but he didn't say a — word."

Where there is danger from falling rocks and slides night track walkers are kept on duty. This is a dreary job, especially in the series of the province of the sun are and always entirely sane.

A

cussing our place in society, that the sec-

tion was a good place for a man with strong back and a weak head.

Plaint of the "Blanket Stiff."

On a work train in Arizona I heard an American, Brocky Kelly, free his mind. "The railroader is the worst jumped-on man in the country. The bess jumps on him, and the straw boss jumps on him, and the boarding boss jumps on him. When he gets tired of being jumped on by them he goes to town and takes a running jump at himself. Then the barkeepers jump on him and the gamblers and tin-horn gamblers jump on him, and the police jump on him, and the judge jumps on him, and the jailer jumps on him. When he packs his blankets out of town he feels like he'd been shot at and missed, and he looks like a scarecrow on a bachelor's ranch. And he hykes along the track till he can find an old jumper of king snipe to jump on him.

The next week Brocky went to Prescott



"I'll show yez who's boss."

to get his pay. He came by the work train again on his way to Colorado. He was flat broke and had walked about twenty miles

without a drink of water.

One Sunday evening on a ranch I heard a sentimental kid, of German descent, ask another man for a definition of home. The other man said he owned two blankets and a quilt. Wherever he spread them down

a quilt. Wherever he spread them down was his home.

The building of a new railroad takes quite an army of men, especially in a rough country. Skinners (teamsters), dynamiters (miners) for rock cuts and tunnels, the buckers, bridge carpenters, muckers (pick and shovel men), track layers, cooks and flunkies are all in demand. A flunky is a camp waiter, dish washer and wood chopper. Up near Canada the same animal is often called a cookee.

Some men acquire a reputation and a such factorized for the commonest way to beat trains is to make the relied on empties alone. Hoboes are close students of car architecture. Refrigerator cars and cattle cars furnish many hiding places. Even the commonest games, such as springing doors of sealed freight cars and riding on top of passenger cars.



"WHILE THIS OTHER LADY PUTS ME UP SOME LUNCH."

along an' away they wint. Some wor ridin' what they call th' thrimmin's; an' some were on th' trucks of her; an' some were ridin' th' whust'e an' th' aigle eye's whuskers.

Hark! the Poet Sings. Tucson is an Arizona town. He who uses "Tucson blanket" flops on the desert with the stars for covering. An eagle eye is a

In his song, Jerry, Go Oil the Car, the

ocomotive engineer.

"Let a spike maul rest Right on my chest,
And the gauge and the old claw bar.
And when I am dead
Lay a frog at my head
And 'tis Jerry, go oll the car."

The poet Riley is not to be mistaken for any other Riley. He is not Three-Finger Riley, nor One-Eyed Riley, nor Gunny Sack Riley, nor Box Car Riley. He is Jim Riley, the poet. All of his songs are connected with sections or railroad grading camps.

name at special lines of work. Powder name at special lines of work. Powder Can McCormick is a cook. He once violently told a contractor, who did not give him enough tools, that he was not the man to cook for fifty men in a powder can. Tommy the Tacker is, or maybe was, a good hand at driving spikes. Some men are in their glory when spiking in the lead of a track laying outfit. The loss of a single stroke puts one behind there.

Habit Too Strong to Stop. I have heard it argued that following

poet Riley gives one verse to the section grading camps gets to be a disease. It is a foreman's last words. I hope my quotation fact that some men will travel sometimes thousands of miles without a cent, perhaps, to get to the front of a new railroad. I have only been in two such outfits, but I have felt the fever when I heard of others starting. You live in tents and sleep probably with your clothes on on the ground The poet Riley is not to be mistaken for any other Riley. He is not Three-Finger Riley, nor One-Eyed Riley, nor Gunny Sack Riley, nor Box Car Riley. He is Jim Riley, the poet. All of his songs are connected with sections or railroad grading camps.

Hard Work and Small Pay.

It does not rain in higher Colorado, except in winter. The rain falls on formations on which much snow has alternately thawed and frozen. So it happened that we always knew when it had rained because we had to work till trains could run again. Two thirty-six-hour stretches, with one night's sleep between, was the wurst

1000 · 1



Sleeping Under a Tucson Blanket.

for months and then go, with their pay on them, into saloons where they know they will be drugged if there is any chance. Perhaps they are lucky after all. They are ready to go to work again in a few hours

Tales of the Blanket Stiffs. After supper, especially if there is a camp fire to gather around, is when one learns most about the pasts of his fellow workmen. Perhaps one will tell about driving a dray in a London fog; another about sealing or whaling in Alaskan waters; another about the price of cigarettes in Cairo,

Egypt; another about the queer noises a dago once made with his legs sticking out of an ash barrel in an alley off Baxter street, New York.

An Oregon man told us one time about being knocked endways while defending a pig pen. He attempted to rest a gun across a bear to take a shot at a stump. Sometimes California men tell about the big ranch where they had the plates nailed to the table and washed the dishes with a hose. I think it was in Red Cliff, Colo., according to the story, that a man found street, New York.

hose. I think it was in Red Cliff, Colo., according to the story, that a man found an ear on the ground the morning after he came to town. He discovered, before long, that it was his own ear.

A cockney once went to a house where two doors opened onto one porch. He pulled both bells and it happened that both were answered at the same time. "Madam," he said, "will you please get me a clean shirt while this other lady puts me up a lunch."

"Seen-Better-Days" Men. Seen-better-days men are common among

blanket stiffs. Some are past redemption. Others are only temporarily unfortunate, or prospectors working for a grub stake. Most men say that they will always go hungry two or three days before they can get courage enough to go against the back door. After they have once started they don't mind it. I always had an idea that if I went broke I would start to beg right away for fear I would get hungry. At the usual western rates of railroad fare, 5 and 6 cents a mile a man can make ware 6 cents a mile, a man can make wages walking. Men seldom beat trains with blankets, except for short distances. In

making long trips they either ship their bedding or leave it behind entirely.

A hobo stew, or Mulligan, has great staying qualities. An Irish stew is a Mulligan. But a Mulligan is not, necessarily, simply an Irish stew. Anything goes in a hobo Mulligan, even if it is paid for. It is generally cooked in a five-gallon coal off care.

cars and riding on top of pass would make a long list. An active man, by the help of the handle at the bottom of the side door, can swing under a box car after the train is in motion. I have seen it done.

A Wild Ride Beneath a Train.

On every standard gauge passenger coach there are four places on the trucks where a man can ride. Crawl over the axle and you will find yourself in a box-like space. About six or eight inches above the ties is a cross formed by two 1-inch iron rods. A man can sit on this cross, facing the axle. with his feet on the rod that he sits on that runs toward the axle. Some professionals use a cleated board to make the seet more comfortable. The rods that control the brakes run parallel with the shoulders and do to hold on by. The back rests against the framework of the truck. The head is near or against the floor of the car. Unless looked for a man on the rods can hardly be seen, even in the day time. can hardly be seen, even in the day time.
The first time I rode the rods on a passenger train was on a down grade in a desert mountain country. I had a good chance to get on while the passengers and chance to get on while the passengers and crew were at supper. It was turning from dusk to dark when the whistle blew, the wheels turned and the ties began to slip backward slowly, then fast, and faster, till there was only a yellow streak under me. The quivering of the rods made the muscles of my legs tremble. Thrills shot up my back. We struck a curve. A shower of sparks fell from the wheels as the brakes were set. The car swaved overhead. I were set. The car swayed overhead. I heard some one walk over me. I had heard stories of men who fell off the rods to be picked up in a coal oil can or a gunny sack.
While I could not but see that, being neither sleepy nor drunk, I was in no real danger, the close quarters and the impossibility of changing them till the train stopped made me fell pitifully helpless. But the whizzing, dusty air, the grand swaying racket and roar, varied as we went through cuts, or over bridges, or plunged across the open, had an intoxicating effect. At times I shouted and sung like a maniac. I could understand better a snatch of song I had once heard:

Oh, do not be afraid On, do not be straid
When you're going down the grade.
Put your faith right in the Lord,
Keep your sent upon the board.
When you ride the little rods beneath the car.

About the third or fourth stop a shack came mouching along and spotted me with his lantern. The conductor was about to start the train, but the brakie said:
"Hold on! Here's a friend of yours."
"What is he doing?"

"What is he doing?"
"Wearing his coat tail out."
"Get him out of there."
So I had to change cars.
W. H. McCORMICK.

On Fooling the People.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. There was a man who went about predicting that the world would come to an end in two years. "Put up your tools," he cried; "cease your striving after money! Fall on your

ings that ye save and the work that ye do today will be as naught." And the people scoffed at him, and flung eggs over against him, and refused to put

knees and pray, for in two years the earn-

money in his hat. Now, therefore, the man saw that the people would not believe him, and he sat him down by the wayside, and he laid hold of

the brow appertaining unto him, and he Presently he arose, and a smile was upon his lips, and he went forth into the haunts of men, and he cried aloud unto them, say-

"Oh, my brothers, you are sore oppressed. Your masters are grinding you down. A mighty crash is near at hand. Why do you spend your days in toil? Why do you not rush forth into the market places and arouse your fellow-slaves from the stupor into which they are failen? A storm impends! Be ready! Throw your tools away! Arise in your might and help to smite!"

And the people contributed unto his support and accepted him as a great prophet, and got so busy discussing the approaching burst-up that they neglected their work and were docked, and their hearts were heavy.

Moral: You can fool a good many of the people all the time if you do your fooling on a political basis. "Oh, my brothers, you are sore oppressed.